

What they did to you by Imin_alot_offandoms69

Series: [One shots \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Cute, Eleven | Jane Hopper Needs A Hug, Eleven | Jane Hopper and Mike Wheeler in Love, F/M, Happy Eleven | Jane Hopper, Mike Wheeler Loves Eleven | Jane Hopper, Mileven Day, Past Rape/Non-con, Their Love Is So

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper (mentioned), Lucas Sinclair (mentioned), Maxine "Max" Mayfield (mentioned), Mike Wheeler, will byers (mentioned)

Relationships: Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike reads about what happened to El in the lab - REQUESTED

What they did to you

Author's Note:

- For [mage](#).

Mike woke up in a cold sweat, breathing heavily. He looked to his left and saw the flashing color of his alarm clock. '3:45 a.m.' it read. He sighed, sitting up. The moon shone through his window brightly, giving the room a soft glow. Boxes stacked in corners, clothes all over the room, El sleeping peacefully next to him.

The two had just moved into a small house on cherry lane. Their friends had helped them move out and in, Max and Dustin helping El while Lucas and Will helped Mike. They all painted the house together, getting more paint on themselves than the walls. Mike and El sent their friends home, saying they're gonna be fine and that Max lives right next door.

The raven-haired boy sighed, getting out of bed carefully. He tip-toed to the kitchen, grabbing a glass of whatever. Deciding to clean up the place a little, he walked to their small living room and began to unpack some boxes. They had their basic furniture so far. A queen size bed, gifted to them by Joyce and Hopper, two night stands from Steve, a nice couch from Mike's basement, beautiful sea shells to decorate the house with from Max, a coffee table from Dustin and his mom, artwork from Will, a small old TV from the Sinclairs, and silverware from Nancy and Jonathan. Robin, now being a successful real estate agent, had gotten them the house. They owe it all to her.

Mike just finished unpacking the four boxes of seashells, 'Jesus how many seashells does one person need?!' He bet she had more, had probably even given them more. Makes sense, they all got o California every weekend.

Mike looked around the room, it looked finished. There was one box in the corner that didn't have a name. His brows furrowed as he walked closer to the box, sitting on his knees. He opened it carefully, a bunch of manilla folders stamped with a Hawkins National Laboratory stamp. 'I've never seen these before,' he thought. 'Maybe

they're about what happened to us?'

He opened the first one, the first paper was dated October 25th, 1971. 'El's birthday,' he thought. There was a picture of a small baby clipped to page.

'Jane Ives,' he read. El's birth name. Why would they have her birth name? Under it were the number 011 in black, bold handwriting. 'El's files.'

The first file had stated what she was, who she was, who she was taken from, what she would be used for, what powers she had. It never said why she was taken, though, but it seems explainable. He opened the second folder, the picture showed El around age six. She looked tired and had short, almost blonde, hair. She was wearing something that looked like a school uniform while playing with blocks. It was dated April 16th, 1977.

'Subject Eleven has been very obedient, doing what she is told. Does not do it well though, we often have to isolate her.'

Isolate? She's a child! Mike shook his head, sitting on the chair next to the box. He pulled out the next folder, looking at the picture. She appeared to be older, her hair fully shaven. 'October 18th, 1980.' She was nine years old. Three years before he found her. This folder was thicker, had many pictures. She had bruising around her wrists, wip marks on her back, and burn marks around her arms and collarbone. Mike put a hand to his mouth, tears filling his eyes.

He opened the final folder, gasping at the pictures. This was a little before she had escaped. She looked deathly skinny, nails bitten to the bud, skin peeled and scratched at, wip marks more visible, and thousands of bruises. She was as pale as a ghost. Could rob Max of all her money if she had the chance. He started to read it.

'Subject Eleven is not complying with our demands. We had to take extreme measures to put her in place.'

ISOLATION
WIPPING
SHOCKING

RA-

He stood up in shock, crying out when he read the last word. The folder fell to the floor gently as he cried. 'Does Hop know about this?'

El woke up to an empty bed. She sighed looking at the alarm clock, which now read '4:26 a.m.' She sat up, yawning and stretching her arms out. She slipped on her fuzzy, pink slippers with her matching robe as she made her way to the livingroom. She walked over to Mike, which back was turned to her, and wrapped her arms around his torso, resting her head on his back. "What're you doing up so late?" She mumbled tiredly. He turned around, wrapping her in a hug. "Why did you tell me?" He cried, holding her tightly. She looked up at him, confusion written on her face, when her eyes landed on a opened box. He found her files. She teared up, looking at him. She shook her head, pulling away from the hug. "It was nothing Mikey, I-it was a long time ago okay? It doesn't matter anymore. Come on, I'm tired can we go-"

"It does matter El. It happened and it shouldn't have. God why didn't you tell me."

El looked at him with sad eyes, before placing a hand on his cheek. She wiped his tears, getting on her tipy-toes to reach his forehead where she planted a soft kiss. "I'm okay, I promise. I have you and all our friends now. I'm not going back, I never will."

He held her wrist gently, keeping her hand on his face. He nodded, trying to control the tears that were seeping from his shut eyes. She gave him a soft kiss before leading them back to their bedroom.

Author's Note:

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